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HYMNS

Compoſed for the Uſe

OF

St. MARY's CHURCH,

IN THE

TOWN OF BEDFORD.

BY THE REV. CHARLES ABBOT, M. A.
Curate and Lecturer of that Pariſh,
And late Fellow of New College, Oxford.

"*And chiefly thou, O Spirit, that doſt prefer*
"*Before all temples, th' upright heart and pure,*
"*Inſtruct me, for thou know'ſt.*" —

MILTON'S PAR. LOST.
Book I. 17.

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Epiſtle Dedicatory.

To Samuel Whitbread, Sen. Eſq;

Sir,

Sacred Authority has ſtamped it already as an invariable and undeniable axiom, that "Virtue is it's own Reward"—I ſhall not ſo far enlarge upon this idea as to enter into a detail of the many and ſplendid inſtances of Charity, on which your character for benevolence is already ſo well eſtabliſhed, — Were I to do this, I might ſubject myſelf to the cenſure of the malevolent and that upon the following principles — Firſt — I might be thought to have ſacrificed too much to an oſtentatious deſire of diſplaying my own talents— In the next place, I might be accuſed of endea-

-voring by ſervile means of flattery to win your ſavor— You are I am convinced as much above a wiſh of countenancing every ſpecies of adulation, as I am unwilling, and by nature unprepared to diſpenſe it — Your praiſes are reſerved for a more eloquent tongue, and your reward is (I truſt) in heaven — Suffice it then to ſay, that the Pariſh for whoſe uſe theſe Hymns were compoſed, are warmed with a ſenſe of gratitude for your many liberal and repeated favors conferred on them: and allow me thus publickly to expreſs how much I am with every ſentiment of deference and reſpect,

Sir,

Your very humble Servant,

Bedford,

Charles Abbot.

October 27th.

1791.

PREFACE.

HAVING uſed every effort in my power to eſtabliſh an Evening Lecture in my Pariſh, (St. Mary's, Bedford) where I had before adopted the New Verſion of the Pſalms, publiſh'd by Dr. Miller, I found the want of a ſecond Pſalm for my Lecture——Theſe hymns were written with a view to ſupply that defect — It is hoped that if a want of poetical merit ſhould be diſcovered in them, that the candid Critic will conſider the views with which they were written, a deſire of advancing the doctrines of our Church, and at the ſame time of furthering the general intereſts of Chriſtianity.

"And when he was come into Jeruſalem, all the city was moved, ſaying who is this?"

Matthew XXI. 10.

HYMN 1ſt.

DONCASTER. C. M. Dr. MILLER.

NEW MELODY.

1.

ADVANCE, ye Saints, advance to meet
Within th''expanse of heav'n
Your mighty Saviour: lo! he comes
To whom all pow'r is giv'n:

2.

Who is our mighty Saviour? who!
The Son of God renown'd!
He now is mighty; tho' of old
With thorny chaplet crown'd.

3.

Advance, ye Saints, advance and come
In ſtate with num'rous train
To meet your Saviour: lo! he comes
To baniſh Grief and Pain—

4.

Who is our mighty Saviour? who!
The Son of God renown'd:
A thorny chaplet once he wore,
He's now with Glory crown'd—

2. Second Sunday in Advent.

"He ſhall teach you all Things, &c."

St. John XIV. 26.

HYMN 2d.

ROCKINGHAM. L. M.

1.

O HOLY Ghoſt, conſoling pow'r,
Laſt nam'd of the eternal Three:
Rich Stores of holy wiſdom ſhow'r
Into our hearts attach'd to thee—

2.

On Jeſu's Goſpel-truths divine
Teach us in mercy, as we pore,
To dig the ſtores of that rich mine,
And ſweet Religion's paths explore.

3.

Teach us, O meſſenger of truth,
His doctrines juſtly to apply:
Alike in manhood, age and youth
To ſcan them with attentive Eye—

"I came not to call the righteous but Sinners to repentance."

Mark II. 17.

HYMN 3d.

LINCOLN. C. M.

1.

JESUS, the Sinner's ſure reſource,
On high enthron'd appears:
In ſemblance of the Lamb of God,
And ſtill his prieſthood wears.

2.

Upwards to him direct your eyes,
Ye, who on him recline:
Longs not your eager heart to view
Your Savior's face divine?

3.

Tho' crimſon red your guilt appear,
As wool your Sins ſhall be:
He is the God, whoſe tender love
Your burthen'd ſouls ſhall free.

4.

Let then fair hope your minds poſſeſs
With holy ardor warm:
Your heart of ev'ry doubt and fear
Let Jeſus's faith diſarm —

Fourth

Fourth Sunday in Advent.

"When the Son of Man ſhall come."

Matthew XXV. 31.

HYMM 4th.

SHEFFIELD. C. M. WHITTON.

1.

YOUR Saviour comes, to Judgement comes,
Exulting ſtrike the chord:
Hail then his coming, hail with Joy
Earth's everlaſting Lord.

2.

Ye faithful, who in him believe,
With me conſpire to ſing
The tender mercy, boundleſs love
Of our eternal King.

3.

With Angels circled ſee he comes
Angels that round him wait:
To meet that world he comes to judge
In full and aweful ſtate.

4.

Let faith your hopes, O Man, enlarge,
Your guilt tho' crimſon red:
For you from Jeſu's Croſs diſtill'd
Thoſe holy drops were ſhed.

Sunday

"And he ſaid, I heard thy voice in the Garden and I was afraid"—

Geneſis III. 10.

HYMN 5th.

113th. proper Tune. P. M. Dr. MILLER.

NEW MELODY.

1.

DIRE was the hour and ſad the day,
When firſt by Satan led away,
To Adam Eve temptation bore:
Then firſt, as Eden's limits ſhook,
The face of man with downcaſt look
The gloom of deep confuſion wore.

2.

But God to pity man inclin'd
Propos'd benevolent and kind
A way to penitence and Peace:
Thro' faith in him the Lamb of God,
Who rules creation with his nod,
Bids ev'ry fear and ſorrow ceaſe.

6. First Sunday after Epiphany.

"If any Man be in Christ, he is a new Creature."—
2. Cor. V. 17.

HYMN 6th.

BEDFORD. C. M. W. WHEALL. M. B.

1.

WHEN once the love of Christ abounds
Within the human heart:
The rule of Satan quickly ends,
Then Sin and Guilt depart.

2

Mov'd by the Spirit's pleasing pow'r
No more to sin a slave,
Man learns to bless the happy hour,
That first salvation gave.

3.

Attach'd to Christ, each bitter smart
Which other mortals know,
Fails to affect his raptur'd mind,
Dead to the sense of woe.

4.

Methinks, while Cherubs join the song,
I hear the Spirit say,
Haste, Man, to meet Redemption's God,
To meet him haste away.

Second

"The Lord God will wipe away tears from off all faces."

Iſaiah XXV. 8.

HYMN 7th.

ROCKINGHAM. L. M.

1.

BEHOLD the tortur'd Lamb of God
On his celeſtial throne appears:
Hark! the applauſes of mankind
Rend the Skies, and ſhake the ſpheres.

2.

To ſave from death the human race
On Calv'ry's fatal mount he dy'd:
In Sinner's cauſe the Jewiſh ſpear
Pierc'd our Redeemer's ſacred ſide.

3.

Children of him who dy'd, lament,
Lament with me your Saviour's fall:
Lament for him, who now ſupreme
Rules with his pow'r this earthly Ball.

4.

To him let hymns with grateful Sound
From earth to heav'n in concert riſe:
His ſuff'rings to mankind record,
And greet him in his kindred Skies.

"How beautiful are the feet of them, &c."
Romans X. 15.

HYMN 8th.

BRODSWORTH. C. M. Dr. ARNE.

1.

HOW beauteous are the feet of them
Who joyful tidings bring!
Who ſing of Jeſus, Lamb of God,
Sion's eternal King!—

2.

Who in a vile degen'rate age
His ſacred Goſpel preach,
His ſaving Grace to men unfold,
And ſtill his precepts teach.

3.

On them in Mercy God from heav'n
His holy Spirit pour'd:
His word flows ſweetly from their Lips
With holy Wiſdom ſtor'd —

4.

Prepare, O Man, thus warn'd to ſhun
The fell deceiver's lure:
And by reclining on thy God
Thy endleſs peace enſure.

5.

Mercy and peace, virtue and truth
In holy Jeſus meet:
Theſe on thy quick return to him
Thy erring ſteps ſhall greet.

6.

For now the favor'd hours draw on,
Now's the accepted time:
Delay not then, O Man, to him
To dedicate thy prime —

Fourth

"To praiſe and to give thanks."
Nehemiah XII. 24.

HYMN 9th.

WAKEFIELD. C. M. Dr. HEIGHINGTON.

1.
DISCIPLES of the living Lord,
With me unite to raiſe
The fame of him our ſov'reign King,
The great Jehovah's praiſe.

2.
The fame of Zion's King to raiſe
What Chriſtian can deny?
Who will not ſing his paſſing worth,
Who ſojourns in the Sky?

3.
No longer let your airy harps
In ſilence mute remain,
Ye Angels, who the numbers ſwell
Of Chriſt's celeſtial train.

4.
Let heav'n, (his mighty throne) reſound
The praiſes of its King:
And with the lay ſeraphic too
Let earth in concert ſing.

10. Fifth Sunday after Epiphany.

"Thou haſt not withheld thy Son."
Geneſis XXII. 16.

HYMN 10th.

EMANUEL L. M. EMANUEL BACH.
NEW MELODY.

1.

IN kind obedience to God's word
Abram his only Son reſign'd:
Th' uplifted ſteel Jehovah ſaw,
The patriarch's meek, reſignant mind.

2.

With ſwift command an Angel flew,
In haſte commiſſion'd from above,
To ſave the child, and to reward
Heroic Abram's holy Love.

3.

So God in mercy to mankind
His only offspring would not ſpare:
Reſigned for us, nobly reſign'd
The force of each parental Care.

4.

O let us then to God above
Unite the tuneful Voice to raiſe:
And join the efforts of our love
To ſwell the triumph of his praiſe.

Sixth

"*So the men ſat down in number about five thouſand.*"

St. John IV. 10.

HYMN 11th.

KENT. L. M. GEORGE GREEN.

1.

NEAR Gallilee's extended main
Five thouſand once the Savior fed;
Strange to record! and kindly dealt
With lib'ral hand the needful bread.

2.

Give us, O Lord the bread of Life,
Thy precepts in our ſouls infuſe:
Ne'er let us from thy wiſhes ſtray,
Whom to thyſelf thou deign'ſt to chuſe.

3.

See here the flock for which you bled!
That ſinful race for which you dy'd!
O never let another God
From thee our wav'ring hearts divide.

"Lord now letteſt thou thy Servant."
Luke II. 29.

HYMN 12th.

MESSIAH. C. M. HANDEL.

1.

WITHIN the temple's hallow'd frame
See aged Simeon ſtand!
He hails the light he lived to ſee,
Light of Judea's land.

2.

Hear him the Infant Jeſus greet
Hear him with joyful heart
Unto the King of Kings exclaim,
"Now may thy ſlave depart"—

3.

So teach us, Lord, thy Son once known,
For heav'n and thee to pant:
To own him now, as Simeon did,
The all we ſinners want.

4.

He came a light to bleſs mankind,
To bleſs the Gentile world:
See on faith's banners widely ſpread
His glorious Croſs unfurl'd.—

Sexa-

"*All that will live godly in Chriſt Jeſus.*"

2. Timothy III. 12

HYMN 13th.

113th. proper Tune. P. M. Dr. MILLER.

NEW MELODY.

1.

O LAMB and Son of God above,
Thou fountain of eternal love,
See the reproofs thy ſervants bear,
The ſcorner's Jeſt, the taunts of thoſe
Thy pure religion's mortal foes,
In pity hear the ſuff'rer's prayer —

2.

All who thy Goſpel's truths profeſs,
Who lead a Life of righteouſneſs,
Such hateful Evils muſt endure:
Then take us to thy Love, O Lord,
And let thy ever ſteadfaſt word
Supply the pleaſing needful Cure.

"For in Chriſt Jeſus neither Circumciſion."

Gal. VI. 15.

HYMN 14th.

BISHOP THORPE. C. M. JEREMIAH CLARK.

1.

HOW vain the Joys that mortals know,
Except in Chriſt they live!
How poor the reliſh that to man
Mere earthly pleaſures give!

2.

For Satan ſtill, man's deadlieſt foe,
Plays the deluder's part,
Still winds with frequent wile around
Man's unſuſpecting heart.

3.

Vain forms in Chriſt their eſſence loſe:
Man muſt be born again,
'Ere to the Lamb's Society
He can admittance gain.

4.

Before him, Sin, and Pain, and Death,
And Satan's arts ſhall fly:
Still ſhelter'd by his Wing are they,
Who on his Croſs rely.—

"*Then was Jeſus led up.*"—
Matthew VI. 1.

HYMM 15th.

BRUNSWICK. C. M. HANDEL.

1.

BEHOLD your Lord th' incarnate God
By Satan's arts oppreſs'd:
See him at length with vict'ry crown'd,
The Son of God confeſs'd!

2.

"Command (the ſubtle tempter cry'd)
Theſe ſtones the form to wear
Of needful bread, leſt famine clothe
Thy features with deſpair."

3.

Jeſus reply'd, "not bread alone
Shall all man's wants ſupply:
God's healing word ſhall teach him how
To live, and how to die."

4.

Teach us, O Chriſt, like thee the arts
Of Satan to ſubdue,
And as his crafts we wiſely ſhun,
Thy precepts to purſue. —

"The race is not to the ſwift."

Eccleſiaſtes IX. 11.

HYMN 16th.

St. MAGNUS. C. M. JEREMIAH CLARK.

1.

HOW vain the pow'rs of mortal man,
How vain each talent rare,
For fate is deaf to human might,
Nor will the learned ſpare.

2.

The race to ſwiftneſs will not yield,
Nor battle to the ſtrong:
To ev'ry ſtage of human Life
Still time and chance belong.

3.

Whilſt youthful pow'rs for virtue plead
Slight not, O Man, the call:
Behold the love of Chriſt himſelf
Freely invites you all.

4.

His pleaſing Goſpel ſtill invites,
Faith lifts her Croſs on high:
Riſe then on wings of faith to meet
Your Savior in the ſky.

Third

"They that are whole have no need of a Phyſician."
Mark II. 17.

HYMN 17th.

96th. proper Tune. P. M. Dr. MILLER.

NEW MELODY.

1.

YE tribes, who ſerve the Lord in fear,
Proclaim the great Phyſician near,
Whoſe gifts of healing far excel
The pow'r of thoſe, who here below
From man's weak frame, that houſe of Woe,
Diſeaſe and ling'ring pains expel.

CHORUS.

Proclaim, ye tribes, his near approach,
For whoſe bleſt ſake ye bear reproach.

2,

On him ſee pining ſinners wait:
See! as he comes in aweful ſtate,
Their ſuppliant hands they now extend:
For they their Lord's attention claim,
The poor, the ſick, the blind, the lame
In him ſtill find the ready friend.

CHORUS.

See! grief and pain before him fly,
And health relumes each drooping eye.

Fourth

18. Fourth Sunday in Lent.

"But the Lord was with Joseph and shewed him mercy, and gave him favor in the sight of the keeper of the prison."—
Genesis XXXIX. 21.

HYMN 18th.

St. JAMES's. C. M. COURTVILLE.

1.

AS bound in durance Joseph lay,
The Lord with pity saw
Him in distress, who still in fear
Observ'd his holy Law.

2.

Within his prison walls the Lord
Unhop'd protection rais'd,
And Joseph, sav'd from Death, the rock,
Of his salvation prais'd.

3.

Thus by the Mercy of our God
Peace to mankind is giv'n:
In prison bound we Sinners lay,
Our hopes now rest in heav'n.

Fifth

"Bleſs the Lord, O my Soul."—
Pſalm CVI. 1.

HYMN 19th.

Tune St. ANNES. C. M. Dr. CROFT.

1.
O THOU my Savior and my God,
On thee my hopes recline,
How longs my heart with holy Zeal
To ſee thy face divine.

2.
When thou, my God, in my diſtreſs
My load of guilt did'ſt ſee:
In mercy, Lord, thou did'ſt reſolve
My burthen'd ſoul to free.

3.
Me from the Grave thou did'ſt exalt,
And baniſh my deſpair:
Thy Croſs my guilty Soul abſolv'd,
(A Cure for every Care.)

4.
Chriſt on the hill of Calv'ry bled
To ſign my Soul's releaſe,
That hill the ſcene of all his woes,
The earneſt of our peace —

5.
Whilſt time endures, and hours roll on,
Thy mercy ſhall remain
Grav'd on the tablet of my heart,
And ſtill new ſtrength ſhall gain.

6.
Long as this heart ſhall grateful beat,
This pulſe with Life ſhall move:
Thy tender mercy I'll record,
And witneſs Jeſu's Love.

"*There were alſo women looking on.*"
Mark XV. 40.

HYMN 20th.

Old 100th. Tune, L. M. MARTIN LUTHER.

1.

AS proſtrate at her Savior's Croſs
In contrite anguiſh Mary* lay:
With ſorrows deep her boſom heav'd,
And thus ſhe ſaid, or ſeem'd to ſay.

2.

Jeſus, my Savior, Lord and God,
See at thy feet a ſinner laid,
Oppreſs'd with ſenſe of former guilt,
Of God's awaken'd wrath afraid.

3.

Thy handmaid ſee! that mercy, Lord,
Which man at thy right hand ſhall prove,
Extend in mercy, Lord, to me,
And cheer me with redeeming Love.

4.

She knelt, implor'd, and nearer drew
To ſilent woe a wretched prey,
The blood, that from the croſs diſtill'd,
Waſh'd every ſenſe of guilt away.

* Mary Magdalene.

Eaſter

"*Now is Chriſt riſen from the dead.*"

1. Cor. XV. 20.

HYMN 21ſt.

148th. proper Tune. P. M. Dr. MILLER.

1.

NOW ris'n is Chriſt the Lord
From Death and from the Grave:
He, that's by all ador'd,
Dy'd all mankind to ſave,
His ſervants ſee
The tomb ſurround,
The tomb, that ſtands
On holy Ground.

On holy &c.

2.

In robes of dazzling white
An Angel ſtands array'd:
"Children of God, he cries,
"Why ſtand you thus diſmay'd?
"Your Lord and God
"To Life is rais'd:
"Ceaſe then to ſtand
Thus ſore amaz'd." —

Thus ſore &c.

3.

"Ye faithful, ceaſe to weep
"Your holy Maſter's fate:
"Burſt are the bands of ſleep,
"Let hope your minds dilate:
"To Galilee
"Before he's gone:
"There ſhall you ſee
Th' Almighty's Son:

Th' Almighty's &c.

4.

Then let us now rejoice
On this our feſtal day:
And with united voice
Raiſe now the votive Lay,
To him alone
Doth now belong
(On his high throne)
Man's grateful ſong.

Man's grateful &c.

"*The Lord thy God accept thee*"

2. Samuel XXIV. 23.

HYMN 22d.

GALLWAY. P. M. Dr. MILLER.

1.

LORD, hear thy ſervant's pray'r
Their humble off'rings take:
And let thy love their Vows
Accept for Jeſu's ſake.

2.

See at thy feet they lie
To thee for ſuccour pray:
Thy living Grace ſupply,
Which never knows decay.

3.

When to thy holy place
Mankind devoutly preſs:
Then with united voice
Thy bounties we'll expreſs. —

"The Lord is my Shepherd."

Pſalm XXIII. 1.

HYMN 23d.

MECKLENBURG. L. M. EMANUEL BACH.

1.

TENDER with ever faithful hand
God doth his ſervant's wants ſupply:
Their ſhepherd he, who marks their need,
Still preſent whoſe all-ſeeing eye —

2.

If on my bed diſeas'd I lie,
Groaning with anguiſh, rent with Pain,
If but his love my woes deſcry,
Reſtor'd I riſe to life again.

3.

Beſide fair comfort's healing ſtream
My ſoul his healing word ſhall guide:
Diſpel the world's deluſive dream,
And from the frowns of fortune hide.

4.

To me he ever has diſplay'd
The tender parent's anxious Care:
Therefore to him my ſoul exalts
The pſalm of praiſe, the humble pray'r.

Third

"*This is the victory, that overcometh the world, even our faith.*"

1. Ep. St. John V. 4.

HYMN 24th.

MANCHESTER. C. M. Dr. WAINWRIGHT.

1.

WOULD'ST thou, O Man, o'er wordly Cares
A certain conqueſt gain?
Would'ſt thou the ſureſt path purſue,
To cure each ling'ring pain?

2.

Doth thy heart pant with Zeal to know
And with delight to prove
The Joys, the certain Joys, that wait
On Chriſt's redeeming Love?

3.

Believe in him thy Lord and God,
Whoſe ſuff'rings made thee free:
And let not Satan wean thy mind
From God's moſt juſt decree.

"*The Lord had reſpect unto Abel and to his offering.*"
Geneſis IV. 4.

HYMN 25th.

BURFORD. C. M. PURCEL.

1.

TO win the favor of their God
The Sons of Adam ſtrove:
With off'rings rich their altars blaz'd,
To teſtify their love.

2.

On Abel's Gift Jehovah ſmil'd,
Cain's love to anger turn'd:
And in his proud and troubled breaſt
Revenge and Rancor burn'd.

3.

The prey of diſappointed pride
Unhappy Abel fell:
And thus again did ſinful man
Againſt his God rebel.

4.

On Abel's Gift Jehovah ſmil'd:
Bleſs God, and he'll reward
Thoſe, whom he chooſes to himſelf,
Thoſe whom his Angels guard.

Fifth

"O that men would therefore praiſe the Lord for his goodneſs."—

Pſalm CVII. 8.

HYMM 26th.

HATFIELD. C. M. Dr. MILLER.

NEW MELODY.

1.

O MAN, the name of God the Lord
Exalt with grateful voice:
In heav'n ſtill fear'd, by man ador'd,
In his bleſt name rejoice.

In his bleſt &c.

2.

For God to man is ever kind,
His mercy knows no bound:
Well then may we his praiſe proclaim
To all the nations round:

To all the &c.

3.

Far as the diſtant poles extend,
So far his mercies reach:
So far his ſervants doth he ſend
His holy word to preach.

His holy word &c.

Sunday

"*Set thine Houſe in order.*"
Iſaiah XXXIII. 1.

HYMN 27th.

KENT. L. M. GEORGE GREEN.

1.
TO Judah's King from God the Lord
The righteous *ſon of Amos came,
Whilſt growing pains no hope afford,
And ſickneſs rack'd his fainting frame.

2.
"Thy houſe in order due prepare,
(The prophet cries)" 'tis God's decree:
"Death ſoon ſhall end each mortal Care,
"Death ſoon thy bitter lot ſhall be."

3.
The aweful ſummons thus declar'd,
To God the Monarch rais'd his pray'r,
His threaten'd anger to retard,
And from the Grave his Life to ſpare.

4.
Mov'd by the frequent ſigh and tear,
God gave this King a lengthen'd ſpace:
Learn then, O Man, with cautious fear
Of Life to run the dang'rous Race.

* Iſaiah,

Whit-

"To the poor the Goſpel is preached."
Luke VII. 22.

HYMN 28th.

LEEDS. C. M. DENBY.

1.

BLEST (ſaid the Savior of mankind)
The poor in ſpirit are:
For them is Joy in heav'n reſerv'd
By their Creator's Care.

2.

Tho' not to them the arm of pow'r
Or charms of wealth are giv'n:
They reap the ſweets of God's bleſt Word,
The earneſt of their heav'n.

3.

Now then whilſt Chriſt his ſervants calls,
His Word with Joy receive;
And taſte the ſweets to them well-known,
His merits who believe.

"*The Lord careth for the righteous.*"
Pſalm CXLVI. 8.

HYMN 29th.

LYNN. L. M. Dr. BURNEY.
NEW MELODY.

1.

BLEST is the man whoſe ſteady mind
Is to the faith of Chriſt inclin'd:
To whom the Savior is reveal'd,
Whoſe die is caſt, whoſe pardon ſeal'd.

2.

On him God's providence ſhall pour
Of heav'nly Gifts a plenteous ſhow'r;
Gifts, which on God's free Grace depend,
Which to his Children ſhall deſcend.

3.

When Care and Sorrow rive his heart,
Blended with keen affliction's ſmart;
No Grief the Chriſtian's ſoul ſhall feel,
His wounds the Savior's ſelf ſhall heal.

4.

When in the duſt his body's laid,
Life's brighteſt functions all decay'd:
Then on the wings of faith he'll riſe
To meet his Savior in the ſkies.

Firſt

"*Yet all this availeth me nothing.*"
Eſther V. 13.

HYMN 30th.

St. MAGNUS. C. M. JEREMIAH CLARK.

1.

MARDOCHEUS,* fame and riſing pow'r
With envy Haman ſaw:
Mardocheus, who with Joy obey'd
His God's eternal Law.

2.

The jealous breaſt of Haman burn'd
And led him to prepare
For his proud foe's unerring feet
A ſad but fatal ſnare:

3.

Fatal to him, to Haman's peace,
Whoſe death the King decrees:
Mardocheus rais'd to wealth and fame
His foe's diſaſter ſees.

4.

Defend, O Lord, our ſouls from ſin,
From guile our boſoms free:
Detach our minds from wordly Joys,
And make them true to thee.

* Mordecai.

Second

"Saul, Saul, why perſecuteſt thou me?"
Acts IX. 4.

HYMN 31ſt.

ROCKINGHAM. L. M.

1.

SAUL, by vindictive rage impell'd,
From Salem to Damaſcus came:
His breaſt with furious rancor ſwell'd,
His heart confeſs'd th' unholy flame.

2.

Sudden from heav'n's high arch illum'd,
The clear effulgence brightly ſhone:
Proſtrate the perſecutor fell,
And thus to heav'n he made his moan.

3.

"Who art thou Lord"? forth from the ſkies
A voice his fix'd attention drew:
"Jeſus, the God whom you deſpiſe,
"Whoſe faithful ſervants you purſue."

4.

Henceforth may no dark envious cloud
The faith of Chriſt's juſt ſaints obſcure,
God grant their faithful ſervice ſtill
To endleſs ages may endure.

Third

"*That Rock was Chriſt.*"

1. Cor. X. 4.

HYMN 32d.

Old 100th. Tune, L. M. MARTIN LUTHER.

1.

BY the Almighty's ſov'reign word
Moſes uprais'd his myſtic rod:
So faithful was this prophet ſtill
To the commands of Iſrael's God.

2.

Forth from the rock of ſtone there flow'd
A ſtream obedient to God's will:
And Jacob's ſons, from drought preſerv'd,
Drank of the ſweetly-murm'ring Rill.

3.

This Rock was Chriſt, to us he ſtill
The fountain pure of Life imparts:
And ſtill the Lamb (who dy'd) maintains
Unrivall'd Empire o'er our hearts.

"As Moſes lifted up the Serpent"—
John III. 14.

SUFFOLK. L. M. BRENTBANK.

HYMN 33d.

1.

WITHIN the deſert's limits drear
From Iſrael's tribes diſeaſe to guard,
The brazen ſerpent Moſes rear'd
God's favor'd race from death to guard.

2.

To ſave loſt ſinners from the Grave
On Galv'ry's mount Jehovah bled:
Of Jeſu's blood mankind to ſave
The rich and holy drops were ſhed.

3.

Learn then, O Man, the wiſe decrees
Of thy Creator to adore:
Abſtain from ſin, and praiſe his name
Who reigns in heav'n for evermore.

"*They ſhall look on him whom they have pierced.*"
John XIX. 37.

HYMN 34th.

BRUNSWICK. C. M. HANDEL.

1.

BEHOLD the Croſs, thy Savior's End,
See him in Anguiſh die:
Outſtretch'd on the accurſed tree
See holy Jeſus lie:

2.

Behold him, ye whoſe num'rous crimes
Plac'd your Redeemer there:
Your ſins the point, your guilt the barb,
Which arm'd the Jewiſh ſpear—

3.

Sinner, behold your Lord and God,
His pains and anguiſh ſee:
Conſider, when his death you view,
That death he bore for thee.

"It is the Lord, let him do what ſeemeth him good"—
1. Samuel III. 18.

HYMN 35th.

KENT. L. M. GEORGE GREEN.

1.

WITH ſickneſs and with ſorrow vex'd,
Unhappy Job a life of pain
(The prey of Satan's malice) led,
But Satan's ſubtle arts were vain.

2.

When taught his maker to blaſpheme,
Hear Job in his diſtreſs exclaim:
"God is reſolved my truth to try,
From him theſe various Evils came;

3.

"To him with heart reſign'd I bow"—
Teach us, O Lord, like him to think,
Ne'er at thy goodneſs to repine
When at affliction's ſpring we drink.

"He cometh, &c."

Pſalm XCVIII. 9.

HYMN 36th.

MESSIAH. C. M. HANDEL.

1.

YE Servants of the God who bled,
On Calv'ry's mount who dy'd:
Obſerve the marks within his hands,
The wound within his ſide.

2.

And know ye not the fatal cauſe
That doom'd your Lord to bleed?
Your ſins, the ſins of all mankind
Led to that fatal deed.

3.

For you the nails his hands did pierce,
The ſpear his ſacred ſide:
For you of your Redeemer's blood
Flow'd the too precious tide.

4.

Repent, for now the hours draw on,
Jehovah's reign ſhall come,
When he with mercy and with truth
A Guilty world ſhall doom.

38. Eighth Sunday after Trinity.

"*I will have mercy and not ſacrifice.*
Matthew IX. 13.

HYMN 37th.

LYNN. L. M. Dr. BURNEY.

NEW MELODY.

1.

THE God, whoſe wonders we rehearſe,
Whoſe praiſe the theme is of our verſe:
Whoſe tender mercies we proclaim
Mercies, the contrite ſinners aim:
'Tis he whoſe bounties we'll record
By all believ'd, by all ador'd,
And to our offspring we will tell
The worth of him we love ſo well.

2.

When man is turn'd to duſt again,
His bleſt remembrance ſhall remain:
When ev'ry care of Life is o'er
And paſſions then diſturb no more:
Then ſhall the Chriſtian ſpirit dwell
On that ſame God it lov'd ſo well:
Paint the deep ſuff'rings of it's Lord,
His mercies to mankind record.

Ninth

"*Love the Lord all ye his Saints.*"
Pſalm XXXI. 23.

HYMN 38th.

113th. proper Tune. P. M. Dr. MILLER.

NEW MELODY.

1.

YE faithful Saints, ye Servants dear,
Who wait on Chriſt with holy fear,
Such holy fear as blends with love:
O come, and now unite to ſing
The praiſes of your heav'nly king,
The ſon of God, who reigns above.

2.

Hark! how the choirs of Saints above
Their notes attune to ſtrains of love,
Of holy love which ſpeak delight:
Come then, O Man, prepare to join
The praiſes of the choir divine,
See! cherubims and Saints invite.

"*This honor have all his Saints.*"
Pſalm CXLIX. 9,

HYMN 39th.

DONCASTER. C. M. Dr. MILLER.

NEW MELODY.

1.

ENLARGE your hopes, O man, enlarge,
Let fear be baniſh'd quite:
Let holy love your minds expand,
Let love and joy unite:
Where is our hope and glory? where!
In Jeſus Chriſt they reſt:
In Jeſus, whoſe admir'd faith
Hath made the nations bleſt:

2.

Baniſh, O Man, the fear of wrath,
Hear now the Spirit ſay;
Let Glory now employ thy mind,
Caſt ev'ry fear away;
Where lies the theme of Glory? where!
That theme in Jeſus view:
In him behold it! he's your God,
The God that dy'd for you.

Eleventh

"Where the ſpirit of the Lord is, &c."
2. Cor. III. 17.

HYMN 40th.

ROCKINGHAM. L. M.

1.

THE ſpirit of the Lord your God,
O man, into thy heart receive:
That ſpirit, which ſhall teach thy ſoul
His dying merits to believe.

2.

O ſource of holy comfort come,
Pour thy refreſhing Light within:
Come, as God's holy word declares,
Come and diſpel the pow'r of ſin.

3.

Slaves to the world's unholy Joys,
To Satan's arts, we ſinners live:
O come, to contrite man below
The ſweets of heav'nly comfort give.

"*For great are his mercies*"—

1. Chron. XXI. 13.

HYMN 41ſt.

MECKLENBURG. L. M. EMANUEL BACH.

1.

THY mercies, Lord whilſt I have breath,
My poor ſin-laden ſoul ſhall ſing,
That ſoul, which clings to this vile Earth,
Shall chaunt the praiſes of it's King.

2.

Let the bright Goſpel light illume
My heart to ſin ignobly ty'd:
Let me Chriſt's healing merits feel,
His mercies ever at my ſide.

3.

E'en now my heart with ardor pants
To prove the ſweets of Jeſu's love:
Now my heart leaps, with rapture leaps,
To join the choirs of Saints above.

"All nations ſhall call him bleſſed."

Pſalm LXXII. 17.

HYMN 42d.

100th. proper Tune. L. M. MARTIN LUTHER.

1.

TO God the Savior of mankind,
Let all the earth in praiſe unite;
Their hearts let his religion bind,
His word and faith their ſouls invite.

2,

Come then, with me extol his praiſe,
Whoſe paſſing worth no tongue can tell:
To him the ſong of glory raiſe,
Who ſaves you from the pains of hell.

3.

In grateful ſtrains of holy love,
In homage to your Savior due,
Your love, ye ſinners, jointly prove
For know, he bled and dy'd for you.

44. Fourteenth Sunday after Trinity.

"Bleſſed is the man".

Pſalm I. 1.

HYMN 43d.

St. JAMES's. C. M. COURTVILLE.

1.

BLEST is that ſoul which ſtill delights
It's Savior's praiſe to tell:
Which labours ſtill within itſelf
Satan's bold arts to quell.

2.

Which ſtill (on wings of faith upborne)
On Jeſu's love doth pore,
And views with pleaſure in his word
Mercy's exhauſtleſs ſtore.

3.

Which (phœnix-like) is ſtill ſuſtain'd
By one eternal flame:
Unmov'd by ev'ry wordly Ill,
Still lives and dies the ſame.

Fifteenth

"The voice of Joy and praiſe."

Pſalm XLII. 4.

HYMN 44th.

SUFFOLK. L. M. BRENTBANK.

1.

TO God above your voices raiſe
To Jeſus, who our Souls did ſave:
To him exalt the ſong of praiſe,
Who roſe triumphant from the Grave.

2.

See, to your ſoul's relief he comes
Compaſſion beaming in his eye,
He comes, in mercy comes, to teach
Repentant ſinners how to die.

3.

Sing then the praiſes of the Lamb,
Let all the earth in concert join:
Let all mankind his praiſe proclaim,
The Savior of your ſouls and mine.

46. Sixteenth Sunday after Trinity.

"He hath ſet his love upon me."
Pſalm XCI. 14.

HYMN 45th.

HATFIELD. C. M. Dr. MILLER.

1.

O THOU, to whom in anguiſh deep
Repentant ſinners prove
Their fix'd regard, their ſteady faith:
How tender is thy love:
How tender &c.

2.

To thee their ſuppliant hands they rear,
Jeſus, that reign'ſt above,
And with th' angelic choirs they ſing
How tender is thy love.
How tender &c.

3.

When life now draws towards it's cloſe,
Their conſtant faith doth prove,
How true and fix'd is thy regard,
How tender is thy love.
How tender &c.

4.

If heav'n and earth ſhould paſs away,
Vain their attempts would prove,
To move the purpoſe of thy ſoul,
To ſhake thy tender love.
To ſhake &c.

Seventeenth

"*Bleſſed is the man whom thou chooſeſt.*"
Pſalm LXV. 4.

HYMN 46th.

LYNN. L. M. Dr. BURNEY.

NEW MELODY.

1.

THE life of him how truly ſweet
Whoſe hope and love in Jeſus meet:
Who his Lord's precepts doth obſerve
And from his faith will never ſwerve:
On him his Savior ſhall beſtow
Bleſſings, that from his Mercy flow,
Bleſſings, in his high courts above,
Bleſſings, the fruits of holy Love.

2.

How vain are pomp and wealth, compar'd
With our high faith's admir'd reward,
Bleſſings, with Jeſu's love that blend,
And joys in heav'n which never End,
The converſe ſweet of holy Saints!
Such are the Joys the Goſpel paints,
Such glories meet the Chriſtian's Eye,
To theſe repentant ſinners fly.

48. Eighteenth Sunday after Trinity.

"Who is this that cometh from Edom?"
Iſaiah LXIII. 1.

HYMN 47th.

96th. proper Tune. P. M. Dr. MILLER.

NEW MELODY.

1.

WHO comes from Edom thus array'd,
In garments red with ſlaughter made
Whom truth and majeſty inveſt?
From Bozrah who of preſence bold
His welcome paſſage now doth hold,
In royal pomp and ſplendor dreſt?

CHORUS.

"Tis Chriſt, whoſe holy word is true;
"Jeſus the God that dy'd for you.

2.

Why is our Lord's apparel red?
And why thoſe drops of ſlaughter ſhed
Upon the veſtments of our God?
Why doth the Lord, we ſerve in fear,
Ev'n now th' unwonted ſemblance wear
Of him who hath the winepreſs trod?

CHORUS.

Thoſe drops the bloody croſs declare,
The Croſs he deign'd for you to bear.

Nineteenth

"Thou openeſt thine hand, and filleſt all things living with plenteouſneſs."

Pſalm CXLV. 16.

HYMN 48th.

BEDFORD. C. M. W. WHEALL, M. B.

1.

CHRIST with a tender hand ſupplies
His holy ſervants' need:
And in his mercy's plenteous ſtream
Their ardent hopes ſucceed:

2.

Come to the fountain of his blood,
Ye, who his Joys would prove,
Come to the God, who dy'd for you,
Ye, who the Savior love.

3.

Come to the precious Lamb of God,
Ye, who in him confide:
For ev'ry Care and ev'ry Want
He'll plenteouſly provide.

4.

O let not then fell Satan's arts
Teach you this call to ſlight:
For now his mercies and his love
Your erring ſteps invite.

"O hearken thou unto the voice of my calling, my King and my God."—

Pſalm V. 2.

HYMN 49th.

St. MARY's. C. M. RATHIEL.

1.

O LORD, my God, on whoſe bleſt truth
My humble hopes rely:
O! hear (I pray) in mercy hear
The wretched ſinners cry.

2.

My ſorrows, loving Savior, hear
And bend this heart of mine:
Till, all the care of Life ſubdu'd,
It to thy ways incline.

3.

On thee and on thy plenteous love
O teach my heart to pore,
Teach it in paths of humbleneſs,
It's Savior to adore.

4.

And when this earth ſhall be diſſolv'd
By thy ſupreme command:
O let me then redemption find
From thy almighty hand.

Twenty-

"My ſoul truſteth in thee."—
Pſalm LVII. 1.

HYMN 50th.

ALL SAINTS. S. M. Dr. HOWARD.

1.

WHEN (in my ſoul's deſpair)
To Jeſus Chriſt I cry:
O! may he hear my pray'r,
And lend a pitying eye!

2.

Would'ſt thou, O Lord, but judge
Our crimes with eye ſevere:
Lord, amongſt ſinful men
Who could the trial bear?

3.

But ſtill my ſoul doth truſt
On thy redeeming pow'r:
Leaſt o'er my mind the clouds
Of deep deſpondence low'r

4.

Hear then, in pity hear
Thy humble ſervant's pray'r,
And when the trial comes,
O let thy mercy ſpare.

52. Twenty-ſecond Sunday after Trinity.

"Save me, O God, by thy name, and judge me by thy ſtrength."—

Pſalm LIV. 1.

HYMN 51ſt.

St. DAVID's. C. M. RAVENSCROFT.

1.

O JESUS, bleſſed Lamb of God,
My ſoul from fear defend:
And when the cares of life oppreſs,
A gleam of hope extend.

2.

O let thy Goſpel's cheering ray,
My erring ſteps illume,
And guide me by thy paſſing truth
Thro' earth's unholy gloom. —

3.

Come then, thou holy Spirit, come,
My wand'ring ſteps to guide:
Come, and thy bleſſed comforts bring,
With mercy at thy ſide.

4.

Although a pilgrim here below
My erring courſe I take,
Let not thy bleſt protection, Lord,
Me utterly forſake.

Twenty-

"Awake up my glory, awake pſaltery and harp."
Pſalm LVII. 8.

HYMN 52d.

HANOVER. L. M. HANDEL.

1.

AWAKE, my ſoul, and caſt away
The cares of this precarious ſtate:
Let holy hymns of joy now rouſe,
Let thy Lord's praiſe thy pow'rs dilate.

2,

The ſkies my grateful ſongs ſhall fill,
Mean while the arch of heav'n ſhall ring,
Whilſt with exulting harp and voice
I chaunt the praiſes of my King.

3.

Come then, ye ſervants of the Lord,
Who love the notes of praiſe to ſwell:
Come with united harp and voice
The praiſes of your Lord to tell. —

"*Who is able to ſtand before this holy Lord God.*"
1. Samuel VI, 20.

HYMN 53d.

St. MAGNUS. C. M. JEREMIAH CLARK.

1.

TO God, ye Saints, who love the Lord,
Exalt the cheerful ſong:
To whom from mortal man below
Doth laud and praiſe belong.

2.

'Tis he, who made the world ſo round
That it ſhould never move:
'Tis he, who gives man ample proof
Of his redeeming love.

3.

Redeeming love, conſoling name!
Title of wond'rous pow'r
To ſoothe man's bitt'reſt days below
To ſoften ſorrow's hour.

4.

What God, O man, what heav'nly pow'r
Can with thy Lord compare:
Who, when his ſervant's ſins cry loud,
Doth ſo in mercy ſpare?

Twenty-

"He is thy God, and he is thy praiſe."
Deut. X. 21.

HYMN 54th.

148th. proper Tune. P. M. Dr. MILLER.

NEW MELODY.

1.

TO Jeſus Chriſt the Lord
Attune the vocal lay;
Jeſus, by all ador'd:
To him exulting ſay:
Thy Goſpel, Lord,
And mercies ſure
Thro' every age
Shall ſtill endure.

Shall ſtill &c.

2.

To him the Lamb of God
With fond devotion preſs,
And thus with voice unite
His praiſes to expreſs:
Thy Goſpel, Lord,
And mercies ſure
Thro' ev'ry age
Shall ſtill endure.

Shall ſtill &c.

Appen-

APPENDIX

CONTAINING

OCCASIONAL

HYMNS.

"Out of the mouth of very babes and ſucklings, haſt thou ordained ſtrength."

Pſalm VIII. 2.

Can any thing be more gratifying to the truly religious and ſenſible mind, than to hear a number of Children (educated at the Sunday-Schools,) joining to celebrate the praiſes of their Creator?

HYMN 1ſt.

1.

HEAR th' exulting angel cry,
Glory be to God on high,
Peace on earth for ever be:
Peace, Goodwill, and Charity.

2.

Th' happy tidings now I bring
Tidings of an heav'nly King;
He's the Savior, Chriſt the Lord
Lov'd by all, by all ador'd—

3.

Born in David's Houſe he'll be,
Him well pleas'd ye Gentiles ſee:
He'll a virgin Mother own,
Who will for your guilt atone.

4.

Now Hoſannah loudly ſing,
Welcome now your heav'nly King:
In a Manger ſee him lie,
Who for Man's offence ſhall die. —

HYMN 2d.

1.

SEE from the diſtant countries of the eaſt
The *Magi come, their raviſh'd eyes to feaſt:
Well pleas'd, they hail the Savior from afar
Led by the twinklings of his guiding Star.

2,

With rev'rence they the bleſt Meſſiah view,
With ſplendid gifts for his protection ſue:
And Jeſus (the man - God by all ador'd)
They own to be their mighty ſov'reign Lord.

3.

See at his infant feet they proſtrate lie,
Whoſe ſtar's bright lamp had deck'd the eaſtern ſky:
Their off'rings rich full in his ſight they pour,
The Child they worſhip and the God adore.

4.

Children of Sion, hail his natal day,
Whoſe bitter tortures purg'd your ſins away:
Thoſe praiſes join, with which the ſkies now ring,
And ſwell the triumphs of your heav'nly King.

* The Wiſe Men.

New

HYMN 1ſt.

1.

OBSERVE, O man, with caution mark
The progreſs of each varying hour:
And as Time flies with eagle wings,
May'ſt thou reſiſt fell Satan's pow'r.

2.

Since God to thee in mercy grants
New Years, and deigns thy Life to ſpare:
Since he ſupplies thy num'rous wants,
And views thee with a parents care:

3.

Learn his bleſt favors not to ſlight,
Learn all his bounties to adore:
And praiſe the name of the moſt high,
Who rules in heav'n for evermore.

HYMN 2d.

1.

CHILDREN of Jeſus Lamb of God,
The mercies of your Savior know:
From him each gift of uſe to man
Increaſe of Years and honors flow.

2.

Since favor'd by the God we ſerve,
A Year of hope to us is giv'n:
Let us this wond'rous grace deſerve,
The gift of him who reigns in heav'n.

3.

If thou art young, with cautious eye
Of vice the num'rous evils ſcan:
If to full manhood thou art grown,
Be wiſe and know thyſelf a man.

4.

If the decrepid, palſied hand
Of feebler age thy pow'rs decay:
By faith purſue the way to heav'n,
The regions of eternal day.

HYMN 1ſt.

1.

COME, ye Chriſtians, come and ſee
What ſad trials Jeſus bore:
Satan's ſubtleties aſſail
That bleſt God whom we adore.

2.

Led by his deluding hand
See him to the Mountain go,
See him on the Temple ſtand
Led by man's deceitful foe.

3.

Vain is ev'ry new attempt
To ſubvert his conſtant mind:
Hear him now victorious cry
"Get thee, Satan, get behind."

4.

See his ſtrong temptations fail
And his ſplendid off'rings vain:
Heedleſs mortal, know, for you
Jeſus liv'd a life of pain.

HYMN 2d.

1.

YE tribes, who worſhip Jeſus Chriſt in fear,
His conqueſt to a wond'ring world proclaim:
His potent merits to mankind declare,
Exalt with praiſe your great Creator's name.

2.

For Satan's arts on him no pow'r could ſhew,
Vain each attempt his ſteady mind to move:
From Chriſt no trophies the deceiver bore,
Chriſt's firmneſs argued his redeeming love.

3.

Shall worth like this then paſs without record?
And ſhall not man the grateful tribute pay?
Shall he not chaunt the praiſes of his Lord?
And dedicate to him the votive lay?

4.

Servants of Chriſt, the gen'ral Concert join,
And let your praiſe his paſſing worth record:
Hark! how the cherubims and choirs divine
Join in the praiſes of their ſov'reign Lord.

HYMN 1ſt.

1.

GOD'S anointed Son Chriſt Jeſus
On the Hill of Calv'ry dy'd:
See! from death and ſin he frees us,
See that wound in Jeſu's ſide:
By that wound you're ſav'd, ye who in him confide.

2.

This the hour, the day of anguiſh
When the thorny Crown he wore:
See your bleſt Redeemer languiſh,
See the Croſs your Savior bore,
The nails and ſpear, ye, who Jeſus Chriſt adore.

3.

See him now, your Lord expiring
While increaſing tortures preſs:
Hear him now (mankind admiring)
All his Perſecutors bleſs:
Hear his dying Groans, ye, to his Courts who preſs.

4.

See our Lord and Savior yonder
Stretch'd upon the fatal tree:
And as on his Griefs you ponder,
Griefs, O Man, he bore for thee:
Learn your deadly ſins, the fatal cauſe to ſee.

HYMN 2d.

1.

ON Calvary's accurſed hill
This day our Savior dy'd:
A thorny chaplet pierc'd his head,
A Jewiſh ſpear his ſide.

2.

Gethſemane, thy garden ſaw
His Griefs, which words ſurpaſs:
His Griefs, whoſe arm creative gave
Life to the formleſs maſs.

3.

The ſun eclips'd forgot to ſhine,
(Obſcur'd his Orb and Ray:)
The fabric of the temple ſhook
On this devoted day.

4.

Then weep, O man, whoſe guilt alone
His blood did cauſe to flow:
Weep on, and ſhed the contrite tear,
Emblem of grateful woe.

HYMN 1ſt.

1.

SEE your God and Savior riſing
To his parent's realms above,
He, who ſhew'd his Love by dying,
Gone to prove a parent's Love:

He redeem'd us with his Blood,
He is ris'n, the mighty God.

2.

Hail this day indeed of Glory
Ye who Jeſus Chriſt adore:
See the proſpect bright before ye
Now a man of Grief no more:

He redeem'd us with his Blood,
He is ris'n, the mighty God.

3.

Hark! the choirs angelic greet him:
Hark! the notes of Joy begin:
On their ſainted ſeats they meet him
Victor over guilt and ſin:

He redeem'd us with his Blood,
He is ris'n, the mighty God.

HYMN 2d.

1.

SEE from the mountain's holy brow
The Savior up to glory riſe:
Surrounded by his ſervants now,
Who mark his courſe with wond'ring eyes.

2.

Up to the heav'n of heav'ns he ſprings
His Angels meet him in mid-air:
There hail him as the king of kings,
And bring the crown he now muſt wear.

3.

Sinners, behold him now with Joy,
(His mortal courſe completely paſt)
And whilſt fond hopes your minds employ,
Learn to look back on evils paſt.

4.

Rob'd in a dazzling garb of light
Your Savior now triumphant view:
Behold! he ſits at God's right hand,
And kindly intercedes for you.

HYMN 65th.

1

"LORD! hear a wretched parent's pray'r,
"In mercy to my ſuit incline:
"From the fell Grave my infant ſpare,
"Nor let me for his loſs repine."

2.

Thus at the Altar of his God,
In bitter anguiſh David pray'd:
Thus ſtrove to turn th' afflictive rod,
Faſting and Grief his looks diſplay'd.

3.

When death had ſet his ſilent ſeal
On the departed Infant's face:
The pſalmiſt roſe, and wept no more
Each beauty loſt, each Infant grace.

4.

"Whilſt my Child liv'd, I wept, (he cried)
"I deem'd the Lord my Grief might ſee:
"Soon to join his my ſoul ſhall go,
"He never ſhall return to me."—

HYMN 66th.

1.

YONDER O! caſt a ſilent look,
Where thy departed *brother* lies:
Behold the ſummons of *his* God,
In death's laſt ſleep has clos'd *his* eyes.—

2.

That pall, that pond'rous coffin view,
The ſad remains of *him* we lov'd:
Receive from thence a leſſon due,
And feel thy ev'ry ſin reprov'd.—

3.

Thoſe eyes (tho' clos'd) expreſſion beam,
Thoſe pallid lips, that deathy cheek
Of God's true judgements, (glorious theme)
In true and ſtriking language ſpeak.

4.

This aweful ſight, this ſable ſcene
Admoniſh'd thus, O man, regard:
And know the bleſſings which they prove,
Who virtuous live, who die prepar'd.—

Note. — *Where the Italic letters are uſed in this hymn,* brother *may be changed for* ſiſter, *and* his *for* her *occaſionally.*

For

HYMN 67th.

1.

YE ſinners, to God's altar come
With hearts by ſorrows deep oppreſt:
Ye ſick and heavy laden come,
Jeſus ſhall give your ſorrows reſt.

2,

Behold that holy table ſpread,
Behold thoſe elements divine:
O come, and taſte how ſweet that bread!
How full of comfort is that wine!

3.

Remember, mortal, as you preſs
With ſhew of Love that holy food:
How that ſame food Chriſt deign'd to bleſs,
How flow'd your dear Redeemer's blood.

4.

O come then, to his altar haſte
By thoughts of pure devotion led:
Remember as that wine you taſte,
His blood for you the Savior ſhed.

HYMN 68th.

1.

YE ſinners come, who ſeek that bread,
Behold the Lamb's rich table ſpread:
O come, thou poor unworthy Gueſt,
And ſhare with me the plenteous feaſt.

2.

Behold the bread before thee lie,
Proof that for thee thy Lord did die:
Sinner behold that cup, and know
That for thy ſins his blood did flow.—

3.

In that fair bread the type you ſee
Of that ſad death he died for thee;
In that rich Cup the ſtream that flow'd,
Thy bleſt Redeemer's vital blood.—

4.

O come then, to thy God draw near,
Tho' thy ſins force the bitter tear:
Come (thy ſad heart with ſorrow ſtor'd)
And taſte how gracious is the Lord.—

HYMN 69th.

1.

AT her Lord's tomb ſee Mary* ſtand
(The place where once his body lay,)
His ſpirit bleſt to Life reſtor'd
Reviſits now the light of day.

2.

He comes to glad her longing Eyes,
Before her now the Savior ſtands,
Her frantic air beſpeaks ſurprize,
Much ſorrow her uplifted hands.

3.

"Tell me, (ſhe cries) where thou haſt mov'd
"My Lord's remains, in pity ſay!
"For lo! his body from the tomb
"Some hands profane have borne away."

4.

"Mary"! (he cries) the well known voice
Doth comfort to her ſoul convey:
"Rabboni"! inſtant ſhe replies:
And Jeſus thus was heard to ſay:

* Magdalene.

5.

"No mortal hand with touch profane
"It's firm regard for me muſt prove:
"Until I am at length reſtor'd
"Unto my father's realms above."

6.

"Depart, and with conſoling words
"In haſte my ſad Diſciples tell:
"That rais'd to life their Lord and God,
"Shall ſhortly bid this Earth farewell.

7.

"Now to that parent's boſom dear
"(Whoſe wond'rous works men keep in mind:)
"Pleas'd I return, whoſe cares extend,
"The parent too of all mankind."

8.

Well-pleas'd (tho' much his loſs ſhe wept,)
To the Diſciples Mary flew:
Dwelt on his glory, and with joy
Related ev'ry thing ſhe knew. —

HYMN 70th.

1.

EDEN, thy bliſsful Garden ſaw
Man's earlieſt fall and firſt diſgrace:
Saw him infringe his Maker's law,
Entailing death on Adam's Race.

2.

A witneſs thou of Satan's Arts
You ſaw the fell deceiver's lure:
You ſaw what anguiſh ſin imparts,
Sin, that to man doth death inſure.

3.

Fall'n from our high Eſtate we lay,
No hope our wand'ring feet to guide,
To death and ſad deſpair a prey,
Till in the fleſh the Savior dy'd.—

4.

Forth from the ſkies loſt man to ſave
A beam of mercy kindly came,
Death to deſtroy, to ſpoil the grave,
And quench the cherub's ſword of flame.

HYMN 71ſt.

1.

COME loſt man, by Griefs oppreſſed,
Come a Savior's love to prove:
Joys unbounded, ever bleſſed
Wait you in his realms above:
Joys unbounded, ever bleſſed,
Joys eternal come and prove.

2.

See from heav'n thy Lord deſcending,
See him mercy on you pour:
See him from his kingdom bending,
Off'ring Gifts he has in ſtore:
See him bending, now deſcending,
Off'ring Gifts he has in ſtore.

3.

Ling'ring man, no longer tarry,
Jeſu's call no longer ſlight:
Now leaſt all your hopes miſcarry,
Graſp the pleaſures, which invite:
Theſe the meaſures, heav'nly treaſures,
Graſp the pleaſures which invite.

HYMN 72d.

1.

COME, thou ſource of conſolation!
Holy Spirit, come and bring
Tidings glad of man's ſalvation,
Gift of Sion's ſacred King —
Teach us to extol his merit,
Who for our ſalvation dy'd,
Come then, come thou holy ſpirit,
O! vouchſafe to be our guide!

2.

Deign to bring to our remembrance
Jeſu's words and Jeſu's love:
And impart to us the ſemblance,
Of the joys his ſervants prove:
Let thy healing wing ſurround us,
Quelling ev'ry vain alarm:
Leſt the dread of wrath confound us,
O defend our ſouls from harm.

3.

When this world's vain cares infeſt us,
Faith's broad ſhield in mercy ſpread:
Should fell Satan's ſnares moleſt us,
(Snares that well our ſouls may dread)
Place the helmet of Salvation
On our brows, thou heav'nly guide:
Come thou God of conſolation,
Come with mercy at thy ſide.

HYMN 73d.

1.

WITH a fond parent's anxious Care
The ſins of man Jehovah ſaw:
Saw with a mind reſolv'd to ſpare
Man erring from his holy Law.—

2.

His ſon he view'd that Savior bleſt,
Whoſe boſom equal griefs had rent:
He view'd, and thus his will expreſs'd,
Whoſe thunders ſhook the firmament.

3.

"Jeſus, my Son, my beſt belov'd!
"Ah! ſee what wretched man has done:
"My ſoul is with compaſſion mov'd,
"But who ſhall for his guilt atone?

4.

"What off'ring rich with incenſe ſweet
"Shall ſoften now Jehovah's rage?
"Or what to make the Gift complete
"Shall all thy parent's love engage?"

5.

Pleas'd our belov'd Redeemer heard
Jehovah thus inclin'd to ſave
Loſt man, who from his Laws had err'd,
For whom now yawn'd th' eternal Grave.

6.

Pleas'd he reply'd, "my willing ſoul
"To thee the wiſh'd for off'ring makes:
"Deign to accept the tender dole,
"I offer for thy ſervants' ſakes.

7.

"My vital blood, (a cleanſing ſtream)
"Amid Judea's ſtreets ſhall flow:
"Thro' me, Redemption, joyful theme,
"The way to heav'n and thee ſhall ſhow."

8.

Jehovah ſmil'd and gave conſent,
Seal'd his acceptance with a nod:
Children of him who dy'd, repent,
Ye ſinners ſee the way to God.—

HYMN 74th.

1.

THOU art my God, my fainting virtue's guard,
E'en now I pant for faith's propos'd reward:
I dread not now the tortures that are ſtor'd,
For thoſe who vainly ſlight thy ſacred word.

2.

For ſinful Man thou once did'ſt condeſcend
To bring thy bleſſed Life to ſhameful end:
Once did'ſt thou deign ſharp agonies to bear,
The ſcourge, the nails, the croſs and pointed ſpear.

3.

As dying on the croſs thou did'ſt embrace
The ſouls of us, a loſt and ſinful race:
Shall I not then thy ſuff'rings deep record?
Shall not this faithful heart adore it's Lord?

4.

Such as thy love to all mankind did prove
In thoſe ſad moments, ſo ſhall be my love
To thee, thou ſpring of mercy richly ſtor'd,
Creator, Savior, Parent, ſov'reign Lord!

HYMN 75th.

1.

SEE to Judgement, ſee he comes,
Horror chill my ſoul benumbs:
Now he comes in aweful ſtate,
Thouſand Angels on him wait,
Angels, who his glory bear,
Angels, who his throne prepare.

2.

See to Judgement, ſee he comes,
Horror chill my ſoul benumbs:
Now the men of former days,
Riſe from duſt to ſing his praiſe:
See the Graves aſunder rent,
Riſe, O Man, to puniſhment.

3.

See to Judgement, ſee he comes,
Horror chill my ſoul benumbs:
See the dreadful change begin,
Tremble now for guilt and ſin:
See diſſolv'd this earthly ball,
See Jehovah Lord of all.—

HYMN 76th.

1.

YE ſinners, who truſt
In Jeſus to find
The rock of your ſtrength,
The peace of your mind:
Who hope for ſalvation,
In his bleſſed name:
To each liſt'ning nation,
His praiſes proclaim.

2.

With one heart and mind,
Unite to expreſs,
His praiſe and his pow'r,
His mercies confeſs:
Aſcribing dominion,
And honor and might
To him, whoſe free Grace ſtill
Does ſinners invite.

HYMN 77th.

1.

HARK! the joyful Cherub ſings,
Borne aloft on heav'nly wings!
Hark! the choirs of ſaints divine
In the holy concert join:
As the vaulting Seraph ſings,
Heav'ns high Arch with tranſport rings.

2.

On his empyrean throne,
See your Lord, th' Almighty's Son:
Sov'reign Savior, mighty Lord,
All-accompliſh'd, all-ador'd:
As the vaulting Seraph ſings,
Heav'ns high Arch with tranſport rings.

3.

Abram, Iſaac, Jacob ſee,
At his footſtool bend the knee:
See each elder caſt his crown,
Down before his Savior's throne:
As the vaulting Seraph ſings,
Heav'ns high Arch with tranſport rings.

See man's conſtant ſtedfaſt friend,
See the Holy Ghoſt deſcend:
Graces now, and Gifts he brings,
Graces from the King of King's:
As the vaulting Seraph ſings,
Heav'ns high arch with tranſport rings.

5.

Hear, their gen'ral notes now ſwell,
Hark, their Lord's high praiſe they tell
"Hail our ſov'reign Lord, (they cry)
"Ruler of Sea, Earth, and Sky:"
As the vaulting Seraph ſings,
Heav'n's high arch with tranſport rings.

6.

"Thy Almighty will we bear,
"Heralds thro' the yielding Air:
"At thy ſov'reign feet we lie,
"Mercy Lord!" (the gen'ral cry:)
As the vaulting Seraph ſings,
Heav'n's high arch with tranſport rings.

To be uſed when the Miniſter ſolicits the Charity of the Congregation.

HYMN 78th.

1

WHEN Jeſus, firſt from heav'n above
Thy holy Goſpel came,
With healing Mercy on it's wing
And pure Religion's flame:

2.

Then heav'n-impell'd with genial glow
Quick thro' the heart of man,
Sanction'd by God, by man approv'd
The holy fervor ran.

3.

Then O! if love and pity move,
Attend to our requeſt:
And know that bounty beſt becomes
The truly Chriſtian breaſt:

4.

Then ſhall our conſtant grateful love
The frequent Hymn prepare:
And duty raiſe to heav'n above
For you the votive pray'r.

L. M.

GLORY to God the Sire of all,
The God whom we Jehovah call:
Glory to God, the Savior nam'd,
To Jeſus who hath us redeem'd:
To God the Spirit Glory be,
Henceforth to all eternity.—

L. M.

Exalt the name of God moſt high,
O let his praiſes fill the ſky:
Whoſe name we love, and honor moſt,
Laud Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt.

(Sevens)

Come, O Man, with cheerful ſound,
Let Jehovah's praiſe go round:
Praiſe, with me ye heav'nly hoſt,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt,—

THE END.

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